

KNIGHTS OF HONOR,  
Grand Lodge Indiana.

A. ROSENGARTEN, Chmn.,  
Committee on Finance,

JAS. T. DARNALL, Chmn.,  
Com. Printing and Supp.

OFFICE OF GRAND REPORTER:

Crawfordsville, Ind.

1880.

I

The harp of the minstrel has never a tone  
As sad as the song in his bosom to-night,  
And the magical touch of his fingers alone  
Cannot make the echoes that breathe it aright;  
But Oh, as the smile of the moon may impart  
As sorrow to one in an alien clime,  
So the light of the melody fall on the heart,  
And cadence his grief into musical rhyme.

II

The face has faded, the eyes have grown dim  
That once were his passionate love and his pride,  
And, alas! all the smiles that once blossomed for him  
Have fallen away as the flowers have died;  
The hands that entwined him the laureate's wreath,  
And crowned him with fame in the long, long ago,  
Like the laurels ~~have~~ <sup>are</sup> withered, and folded beneath  
The grass and the stubble, the frost and the snow.



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Thou sigh if thou wilt as the whispering strings  
Strive ever in vain for the utterance clear,  
And think of the sorrowful spirit that sings,  
And furl the song with the gem of a tear.  
For the harp of the minstrel has never a tone  
As sad as the song in his bosom to-night,  
And the magical touch of his fingers alone  
Cannot make the reborn that breathe it aright

J. W. Darnall